

BETWEEN THE ACTS.

Between the acts, when the music is sobbing,
A sudden exclamation and mute surprise,
With cheeks that are paling and hearts that are throbbing
And lovers look into each other's eyes;
And calm breaths quiver and throb with sighs
When the curtain falls and the glasses rise.

Between the acts there are cute flirtations
With bright-eyed beauties and stylish beaux—
Nice but not shy, and full of temptations,
Sighed over after the evening's close;
Oh, much is done that is regretted at dawn,
When the curtain is down and the lights turned on.

Between the acts there are sweet words spoken,
And love's little dears with many a moan;
Old wounds are reopened and hearts are broken
In the hum and tinkle and undertone,
But the heart never dim and the curtain is drawn,
And the lesser play on the stage goes on.

WILLOW GRANGE.

A STORY OF LIFE IN EASTERN OREGON.

BY BELLE W. COOKE.

AUTHOR OF "TRANS AND VICTORY."

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CHAPTER VII.

When Bertha opened her package of letters on the evening after her first visitor had departed, she found one from Annie. As we shall not be likely to be as much interested in any others as in hers, we will quote only from them. The first one was as follows:

PORTLAND, August —, 18—.

DEAR BERTHA:—You will perhaps wonder, and with some cause, why I have not answered your last letter; but really I have been having such a good time I could not afford to. I have been visiting in the country at dear old Mrs. Butterfield's, and what do you think? She is Captain Alden's aunt. I did not mistrust when I went out there, that I should meet him; but I did. And he was there all during my stay. Little Marie Hollis went with me, and we had more fun than a little. You know she is so cheery and full of mischief that no one can be dull in her company. But you ought to have seen the way she teased the Captain. Now I, in my wisdom, thought it would be a nice idea to make a match between the two; so I managed, whenever we played games, to get her and the Captain to play partners, and I played with Jimmie Butterfield. Well, the way Marie would torment that man would have been amusing if one had not felt sorry for him. She is such a witch! The Captain, you know, is quite dignified and intellectual, and whenever he began to talk in a sensible or philosophical way, she would pretend not to understand him, and would ask me the meaning of his words; and when I would tell her, in an earnest way, without thinking of her mischief, she would burst out into one of her little screams of laughter, and the Captain could not help seeing that she was only trying to make sport. But at such times he would look at her the same as a big dog looks at a little one who is barking at his heels, and sometimes would join in the laugh as heartily as anyone. I think he likes her in spite of her fun, and I am tempted to think she carries on in this way just to cover her admiration of him. We were invited for two weeks, and had the nicest things and the most delightful of times—plenty of delicious cherries and pears, cream and eggs; and you know Mrs. Butterfield is such a splendid cook. Then we had the faintest horseback rides, and played croquet, and went fishing and bug-hunting, and I gathered and pressed some of the loveliest ferns and flowers. But you will think all my adjectives end in -est if I do not be careful.

The folks of town are many of them off for their Summer vacations, and things seemed a little dull when I came home. I expect to begin another term of school the first of next month, and have a very reasonable number of names, though not so many as last term, on account of the free school, which is to begin at the same time.

Florence Campbell is working right along as usual, without any rest. I am afraid she will wear out before long if she does not take some recreation. Your brother Roscoe went with her to church last Sunday evening, and I could have hugged him for doing it. You may believe there was quite a stir among some of the fashionables when they saw him come in and take quite a conspicuous seat. He was not ashamed of her, I am sure; and he had no need to be, for she looked tasteful and pretty. She had on a blue chambergown, a gauzy white shawl and a simple straw hat trimmed with black velvet ribbon; but she is so fair and her golden curls are so "decorative" that she needs no other ornament.

But I am spinning this letter out too long, I fear, so I will close, with love and kisses. From your loving friend,

ANIE.

Two weeks later another letter came, and we will listen while Bertha reads it:

PORTLAND, August —, 18—.

MY DEAREST FRIEND:—For you know you are my dearest, though I am no longer yours. Your last was duly received, and your account of your German neighbor's call was very amusing. I should think she would be about as good as a comedy. I am glad you think she is kind-hearted, for if you should need any assistance or attention I should feel much relieved to know there is a woman so near you.

You did not describe Mr. Cleveland's personal

appearance, so I have not yet made up my mind whether I will come up and endeavor to make a conquest, or stay here and wait for somebody to come. You know I am a great admirer of handsome men. You say the Captain is handsome and intelligent. I am willing to admit both statements; but I have seen a handsomer man, and one whom I think I should like better than him, provided it made any difference to anyone whether I admired either. The Captain has been as attentive to little Marie as to me since our return, and you may as well give up all idea of a romantic attachment between us, for he is not likely to fall in love with such a plain face and slim purse as mine, when Marie is so winning and stylish and rich, and all the rest that is attractive to men. I was a little uncertain how you would take the idea of Roscoe's very evident admiration of Florence. He has been with her on several occasions since I wrote, and they called on me one evening this week. Florence said Roscoe had taken her to task about her close application to work and want of outdoor exercise, and would have it that she ought to go out more evenings if she sewed so steadily daytimes. So when she said she could not do so very well on account of being alone, he had urged her to let him come and go with her. She told me privately that she did not know as she ought to go with him, lest it create talk, or his family would object. I said, "Let people talk if they want to, when there is nothing more to talk of than that." Then I told her what you wrote to me, that you "hoped Roscoe would get as good a girl for a wife." Tears came to her eyes as she said, "What a sweet woman Bertha is! But, Annie, I do not know Mr. Wills very well, and—I may be wrong, but I thought it so strange that he took such an interest in my welfare, and was so very kind, and he so wealthy and finely educated. I feared it might not be for a good purpose. You know, Annie, I have had such experiences that I have learned caution, and I thought you would know." I told her that she need not fear to trust Roscoe implicitly, and she might follow his advice with perfect assurance of his wisdom and care for her good. "I have known him for years," said I, "and he is as good as gold." She seemed so glad when I told her this. Her face fairly shone with happiness. You know what an expressive face she has. I do not think your mother quite likes to have Roscoe go with her, but she has not mentioned it to me. I think Roscoe has visited Florence ever since you left, but he has not waited on her in public but a few times. I am quite sure, however, that his intentions are serious, for his eyes tell the story of his very sincere admiration. My school will begin in a few days, and then I may not have time to write such long letters. Yours ever,

ANIE.

The next letter contained only this:

PORTLAND, September —, 18—.

DEAR BERTHA:—I am so busy in getting these little folks cooled down, and my school machinery in working order, that I have scarcely been out anywhere except to church. Roscoe still goes with Florence, and people wonder at it; but I do not. I see her quite often, as she has moved to a pleasant room near me. She told me that Roscoe had told her of it, and thought it would be a more healthy location, and quite as cheap, if not so central. You say Roscoe has asked your opinion of the matter. I am so glad, for that proves I was correct in believing him to be serious. You did not say what you advised him, Bertha; but I know you are free from false scruples about the matter, and would only consider worth and character. That young lawyer whom they call "Guppy" has been trying to go with Floy, but I do not think he meets with much encouragement. I am getting so interested in the progress of this romance that I seem to have lost all interest in my own. It is a good thing, probably, that this is the case, for mine does not appear to progress. All the friends are prospering, and so is yours.

ANIE.

An interval of two weeks followed this short letter, and then came one that made up for its brevity:

PORTLAND, October —, 18—.

YOU DEAR INJURED ONE:—I know it was cruel of me to write such a short letter. I ought to have considered your forlornity and done what I could to amiable your condition. To show my contrition, I will do you justice this time, you old dear! I have some good news to write you, and that is what makes me so jubilant. Harry Noble has come to town, and the very first evening after he arrived he came to call on me. He is just as agreeable as ever, if not more so. I am sure you would like him. He has a situation on one of the Cascade boats, and will remain here alternate nights all Winter. He will be a most delightful addition to our society. We had a pleasant little party at the church parlors the other evening, and Mr. Noble accompanied me. He is a member of our church, and engaged my company as we returned from service the same evening that the entertainment was announced. The very next evening Captain Alden called, and asked me to go to the entertainment with him. Of course I told him my company was previously engaged, and he seemed so surprised and disappointed that it set me to thinking. He attended the party, however, with Marie Hollis. During the evening I introduced Mr. Noble to her, and I do believe she fell in love with him at first sight. She certainly put forth all her attractions, and came near a flirtation the first evening. I never saw her go on so. The Captain promenaded with me after he saw that Marie had monopolized my attendant, and he

was so tender and confidential in his manner that I feared others would remark it, and began to think my suspicions were correct. I do not want him to fall in love with me. I am certain I could never return it. But his conversation is very entertaining, and his manners nearly perfect; and what is one to do? One does not wish to be unkind and refuse mere polite attentions on suspicion. I see, on looking over what I have written, that many of my lines begin with the personal pronoun, nominative case, third person, singular, masculine gender. It is a shame to think that I have come to writing such a letter, with nothing but "beaux" in it. I am sure I never thought I should be so silly; but I see now that no one is safe till they are entirely "out of the woods." I will try to write something that is not about myself.

I presume your brother tells you about his affairs. I should think, judging from my standpoint, that he is prospering and well satisfied. I am sure Florence is happier than I have ever before seen her. She was always pleasant and witty, but she would sometimes have such a sad, worn look that it made one sorry to see her. Now, there is a glad quiet look of happiness there that you would delight to see. I think Roscoe has spoken to her, for they seem to understand each other so well. But Henrietta Gray and Fanny Margrave are dreadfully jealous. They both of them treated Florence shamefully at a church social that we had at our house last week. I wished that I had not invited them, I was so ashamed of them. I think they both have bad designs on Roscoe. But I do not know as I ought to write thus. Is it slander, do you think, to say so much? I am getting bitter in my judgments of other girls; and how would I like to have the same measure meted out to me? I presume I shall have it, and perhaps—perhaps with justice. Ah me! To have to acknowledge such a thing to one's self! But I must acknowledge this much, at least—that I have designs to please, so far as is possible, a certain "Nobleman," who shall be nameless. But I had promised to drop that subject.

Our church is prospering finely, and the choir is as quarrelsome as usual; on reflection, I think more so. I sing alto, as I am needed on that part. I leave all the quarreling to the soprano—one can't quarrel in alto well. All joking aside, our leading soprano has had a "falling out" with the leading tenor, because he would not sing a passage as she requested him to, and so we had a little scene. You can imagine how interesting it was to peaceable listeners.

Your mother has a new Fall hat that is very handsome and becoming, and I have one that has similar qualifications, so folks do say. You will not be likely to need one there.

And now, after this short and pithy epistle, I will say adieu, my dear, with love. From your own

[To be continued.]

THE MIRACULOUS CURES AT KNOCK.

About the first of last month, the Dublin correspondent of the London Times wrote to that journal as follows:

The excitement caused by the alleged miracles at Knock has not yet subsided, as may be gathered from the description given by Mr. James P. Talbot, manager of a Clonmel Club, of a visit which he paid to the place. Writing to the Tipperary Free Press, he says: "Starting from Clonmel by the T. A. M. train, it was close on 10 o'clock at night when I came in sight of the Church of the Apparitions. As I approached, I could hear the voices of the pilgrims, crowds of whom, even at that late hour, were assembled in and around the church reciting the Rosary, or chanting hymns in honor of Our Lady. Around the yard or in the church were people praying or settling themselves to sleep. There were representatives from every county in Ireland, England, Scotland, and even from France and America. No one could help being struck with the faith and devotion which induced even delicate people to sleep night after night on the damp grass. On the 15th inst. High Mass was celebrated in presence of a congregation numbering not less than 20,000. After mass, a procession of children, bearing the banners presented by the Cork, Limerick and Laneshire pilgrims, marched round the church. The sermon was preached in the open air by the Rev. Father O'Callaghan. The following are a few of the many cures I witnessed: Patrick Trowel, paralysis of the feet, from which he had been suffering over a year and a half. Mrs. Mary Lewis, Manchester, suffered from chronic rheumatism for eight years, her limbs being almost useless. She was completely cured during sleep. A young girl named Walsh was nearly cured of paralysis. John Foley, Manchester, had been in the hospital for eighteen months, suffering from disease of the spine. He was so far restored to health as to be able to walk without crutches. Another young man from Manchester, suffering from spinal disease, was completely cured. His body had been so weak that he was obliged to wear stays—partly made of plaster of Paris—to enable him to stand or walk. He is now able to walk or run without any help. These are only a few of the miraculous cases I had the happiness to witness during my stay. I could relate many more, but I fear I have already trespassed too much on your valuable space. The editor of the paper vouches for Mr. Talbot's integrity."

The Vermont teachers have organized an association called "The Vermont College of Teachers," to which only educators of proved ability and experience will be admitted. Its chief objects are to raise the standard of qualification among teachers, and to improve the course of study and methods of instruction in all grades, from the primary to the completion of the high school or academic course.

"You can't play that on me!" said the piano to the amateur who broke down on a difficult piece of music.—N. Y. News.

A bad breakfast roll—Out of bed.

DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

A grave man cannot conceive what is the use of wit in society. A person who takes a strong, common-sense view of a subject is for pushing out the ingenious theorist, who catches at the slightest and faintest analogies; and another man, who scents the ridiculous from afar, will hold no converse with him who tests exquisitely the fine feelings of the heart; whereas, talent is talent and mind is mind. Wit gives to life one of its best flavors; common sense leads to immediate action, and gives society its daily motion, large and comprehensive views, and its annual rotation; ridicule chastises folly and imprudence, and keeps men in their proper sphere; analogy darts away in the most sublime discoveries; feeling paints all the exquisite passions of man's soul, and rewards him by a thousand inward visitations for the sorrows that come from without. The Creator made them all. It is all very good. We must not despise talents of any kind, for they all have their separate duties and uses—all the happiness of man for their object. They all improve and exalt and gladden life.

We all have our little weaknesses, mixed up with the rest, which also have their uses. The study of human nature would lose half its charm were it not for these. Friendship would be a monotonous, empty form, and love a mere matter of calculation, if it were not for the little foibles or weaknesses which mark out individuality. It is often the harmony of these little weaknesses, as we term them, which links friend to friend with a chain that would never have been forged but for them. Through these we sometimes make the discovery of harmony and concurrence of thoughts and ideas which had previously been unappreciated; and it is often the case that the whole course of life, by such an accident, is changed from its wonted channel, and all from the fact that one has, through his or her peculiarity, struck a chord in another's soul which harmonizes with his own. And who shall say there is folly in it? All is good, if we do not transform it into evil.

THE EDITORIAL SKELETON.—One who wishes the paper well delicately hints that he found a wrong letter and another upside down. Did you ever think of what constitutes the mechanical make-up of a newspaper? You have been to a country fair and seen one of those eternal gaudy and tasteless patchwork quilts, containing say 2000 pieces, that was the work of some woman for years. She could take her time about it, and if anything didn't suit could alter it. Now, a paper is composed of several thousands of pieces of metal, and with every issue it must be pulled to pieces and put together again, and that, too, in a limited time; must appear at a set time, and is at once spread before its readers, with no chance for correction. This paper you are reading contains in its columns of reading matter something like 250,000 pieces of metal—letters, points, spaces, etc.—and every week all these must be distributed and set again. Then all sorts of minds, natures, and tastes must be catered to. And there seems to be a law of perversity running through human life, by the action of which things go wrong, in spite of the best of care to prevent it. Is it any wonder that the poor editor is a walking skeleton?—Exchange.

"There is a good story told of the President," says the Washington Star, "in connection with the recent appointments made to fill vacancies in the United States army. A gentleman, who is distinguished in social life was extremely anxious to have the son of a warm friend designated for one of the vacancies. He called upon the President and made known his request. 'You see, Mr. President,' said he, 'in advocating the young man's claim, his father is a distinguished ex-army officer; his grandfather was a brilliant soldier of the army; his great-grandfather earned distinction in the war of 1812; and his great-grand-grandfather was an officer in the navy during the Revolutionary War.' These points were pressed with force upon the attention of the President. All of a sudden the President said: 'And this young man's father, grandfather, great-grandfather, and even a more remote grandfather, have all been officers of the United States?' 'Yes,' came the reply. 'Well,' replied the President, with a merry chuckle, 'don't you think it about time that some one in that family earned a living for himself?'"

Miss Margaret Hicks, a recent graduate in architecture from Cornell University, is, we believe, the first woman in this country to undertake a profession in which there is no reason whatever why a woman should not succeed. The American Architect has published portions of Miss Hicks' graduating thesis on "Tenement Houses," and, while the essay is naturally stronger in its summary of past attempts at improving tenement houses than in suggesting a new one, there are, after all, few graduating theses which are worth publishing at all. There are certainly great things in the way of closets to be hoped for, if women architects come to be frequent.

Miss Fanny Sprague, of Fitchburg, one of the most accomplished lady swimmers on the Vineyard, swam this Summer to a buoy about half a mile from shore. When near her destination, she heard a faint cry for help, and sent the boat which accompanied her to the rescue. A young man was found and taken into the boat so nearly exhausted that he could not have held out two minutes longer. He owes his life to the skill and bravery of Miss Sprague.

The man who has money in the bank and plenty in his pocket can wear a straw hat four weeks longer than the one who is in debt for his last week's board. Why is it?—Detroit Free Press.

On analysis by the Royal Agricultural Society of England, a sample of linseed cake (so-called) was found to contain more sand than linseed, though sold for \$60 the ton.

A few old rusty nails kept in a vessel out of which hens drink, will be found more conducive to their health than nine-tenths of nostrum foods.

One hundred thousand dollars will assure a man a life of comfort and ease or give him the ownership of Maud S. Which will you take?

Professor Tyndall has a theory regarding hay fever. He thinks it is brought on by drinking liquor out of a jug kept in the barn.

Has it ever occurred to base-ball men that a milk-pitcher is generally a good fly-catcher?

Leonidas was one of the original dead-heads. He held the pass at Thermopylae.